

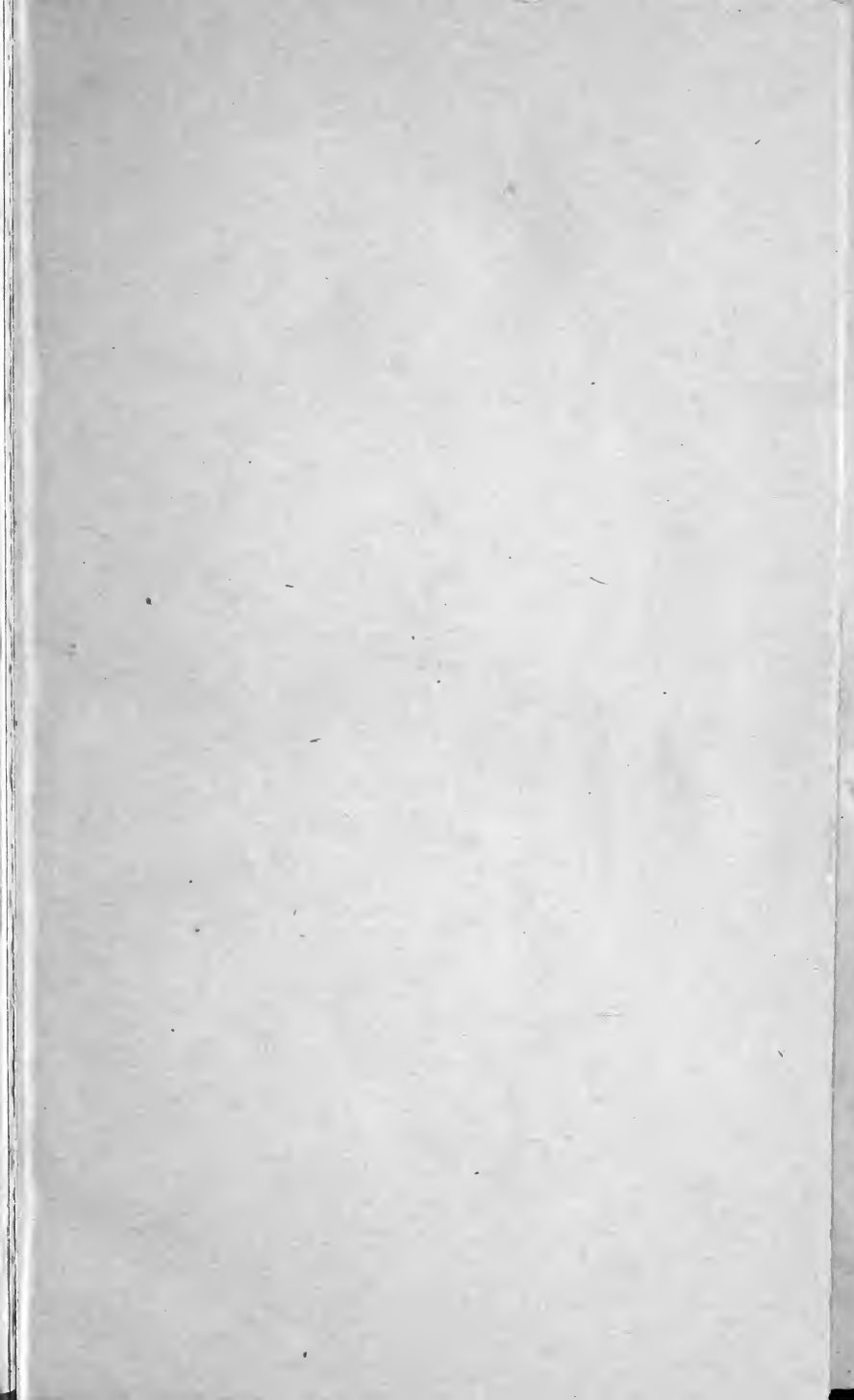
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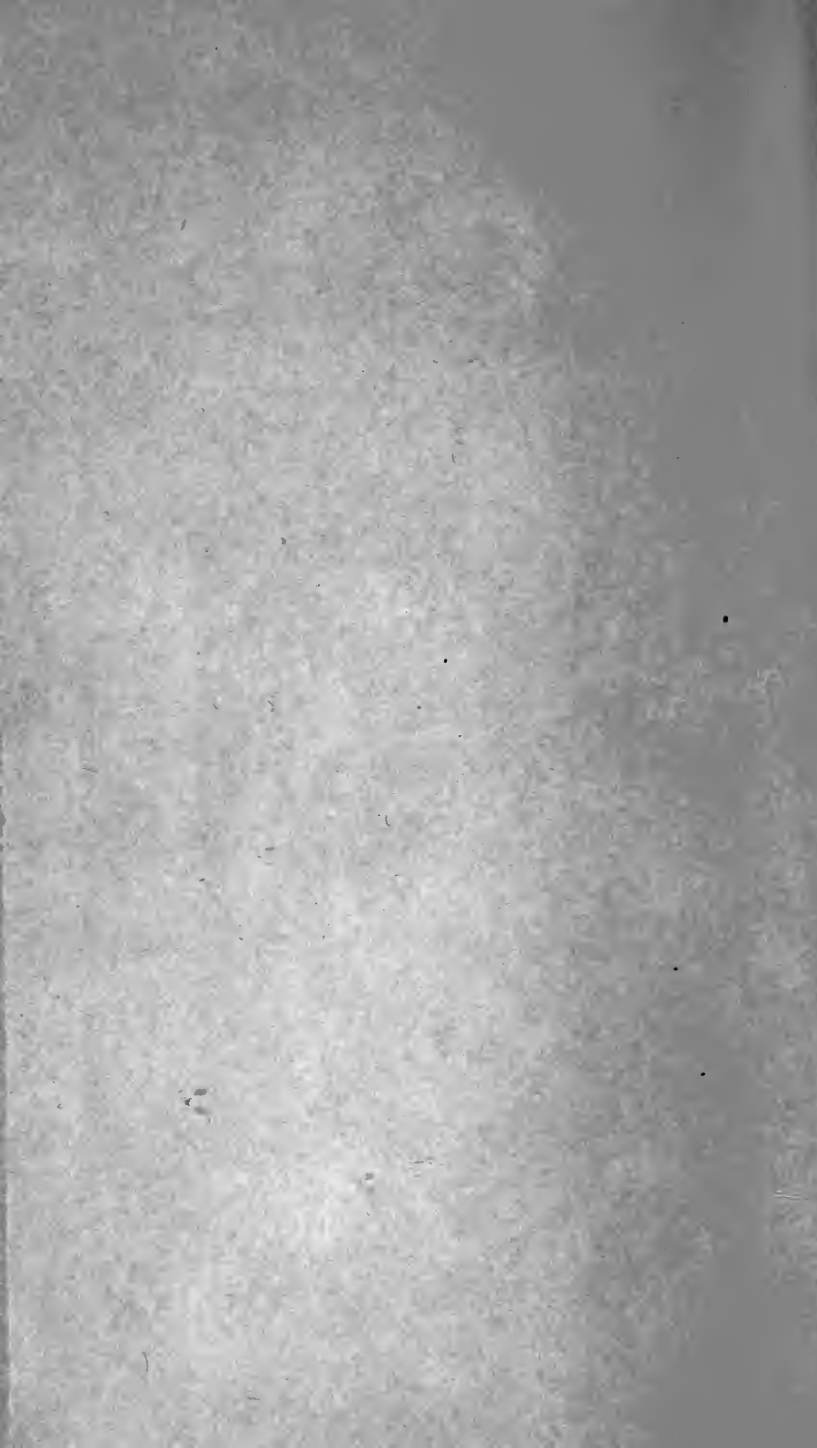




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No. XXXVI.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

MACBETH TRAVESTIE

A Burlesque

IN TWO ACTS

BY W. K. NORTHALL,

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHAR-
ACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS
ETC.

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
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BY *William* W. *right* K. NORTHALL

Author of "The Magic Arrow," "Virginius Travestie,"
King Cole," &c.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.



NEW-YORK:
WILLIAM TAYLOR & CO.,
No. 18 ANN-STREET.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

As originally performed at the Olympic Theatre, Oct. 16, 1843.

<i>Macbeth</i>	Mr. Mitchell.
<i>Macduff</i>	" Graham.
<i>Banquo</i>	" Clark.
<i>Duncan</i>	" Everard.
<i>Malcolm</i>	" Dennison.
<i>Lennox</i>	" Dunn.
<i>Rosse</i>	" Jackson.
<i>Seyton</i>	" Levere.
<i>Officer</i>	" M ^r Kean.
<i>Fleance</i>	Master Taylor.
<i>Hecate</i>	Miss Taylor.
<i>First Witch</i>	Mr. Nickinson.
<i>Second Witch</i>	Mrs. Watts.
<i>Third Witch</i>	Miss Clarke.
<i>Lady Macbeth</i>	Mrs. Booth.
<i>Gentlewoman</i>	Mrs. Everard.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*;
L. C., *Left of Centre*.

P R E F A C E .

THIS Travestie was written for the Olympic Theatre, New York, and was first played at that establishment on the 16th of October, 1843. It met with great success, having drawn crowded houses for several weeks. This success was undoubtedly owing, in a great measure, to the inimitable acting of Mr. Mitchell, who performed *Macbeth* in his own peculiar style—half tragic, half comic, half Macready, and half funny Mitchell. The vision of the wooden dagger, and the ludicrous horror with which *Macbeth* looks upon his bloody hands after the murder of *Duncan*, were points that (to use a technical phrase) told amazingly, and proved the manager to be also the true artist. He was admirably supported by his highly talented company, amongst which Mrs. Booth deserves honourable mention for her performance of *Lady Macbeth*. Throughout she ably maintained that comic gravity so essential to burlesque acting.

The author of “*Macbeth Travestie*” lays no claim to any literary pretensions respecting the piece—his effort was merely to devote a few leisure hours to aid in developing the talents of the Olympic company, and thereby in a very small degree to be a contributor to the “laugh-and-grow-fat” stream which is continually flowing from that temple of Mirth.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

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MACBETH TRAVESTIE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*View of a Vacant Lot.*

Three WITCHES discovered.

1st Witch. When shall we three meet again ?
Thunder ! [Thunder.

2d Witch. Lightning ! [Lightning.

3d Witch. And a drop of rain. [Rain.

1st Witch. Where hast thou been, Sukey ?

2d Witch. reeding swine.

3d Witch. Molly, where thou ?

1st Witch. A Loafer's wife had peanuts in her lap,
And cracked—and cracked—and cracked !

Give me, quoth I. Oh, get out, now—she nuttily did snigger—

Her husband is a-fishing gone with a great fat nigger ;

And in a boat I'll to him roll,

Without a cent to pay the toll.

I'll go !—I'll go !—I'll go !

2d Witch. I can raise the wind.

3d Witch. And I'll put down the dust.

1st Witch. I guess that I can do the rest.

See what I've got.

2d Witch. Show me ! show me !

1st Witch. Here I have a Mermaid Feegee :—
And here another, which is N. G.

[Distant march with drums, R. U. E.

3d Witch. A drum ! a drum !

Macbeth doth come.

All. We, rag-pickers, hand in hand,
In every city of this land,
There do go about, about.—

2d Witch. Thence with rags

3d Witch. Do fill our bags,

1st Witch. To sell again

All. To paper men.

1st Witch. Peace, it's all cleared up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO, R. U. E.

Mac. Command they make a halt upon the green.
So hot and cold a day is seldom seen.

Ban. How far is't now afore us?—but who the devil
have we here,

Whose withered looks do make their mugs look queer?

Ye are not women of the world, I'll boldly say,

Yet on the earth ye live from day to day.

Say, if I do question, will ye promptly answer? —

Are you a woman, marm, or are you man, sir?

[The Witches put fingers to their noses.

Ye fix your skinny thumbs upon your nose, and take a
sight,

As though you understood; and understood aright.

Ye should be women, each having on a bustle,—

But reason and conviction hotly tussle.

Your beards forbid that I should call you fair;

And blow me, if I know exactly what you are.

Mac. Speak, if you can, and tell us what your name is.

1st Witch. All hail to thee, Macbeth,—hail to thee, Thane
of Glamis!

2d Witch. All hail to thee, Macbeth,—hail to thee, Thane
of Cawdor!

3d Witch. All hail, Macbeth, who'll be next King in or-
der!

Ban. *[To Macbeth.]* Why do you start?—for fear there's
little ground;

There's nothing frightful in so fair a sound.

Say, can you look into the seeds of time—for there's a
monstrous lot—

And say which grain will grow, and which will rot?

If you cannot speak, why, tell us with a nod;

Or if you won't, we'll ask old Laurie Todd.

1st Witch. Hail!

2d Witch. Hail!

3d Witch. Hail!

1st *Witch*. Taller than Macbeth, though not so fat.

2d *Witch*. And not so happy,—but you can't help that.

3d *Witch*. You can't be King.

1st *Witch*. But you'll get one without fail.

All. So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo, hail! hail! hail!

[*Going*.

Mac. Stay, unfinished speakers—your story lame is!

By Sinel's death, I know I'm thane of Glamis,—

But how of Cawdor?—and as for being King,

I have no chance or prospect of the thing;—

Tell me why, then,—in face of open day,

You try to stuff me in this blasted way?

[*Witches vanish, R.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles as the South Sea had,

And these three lots, I b'lieve, are just as bad.

There's speculation in their rise, I do declare.

Mac. What seemed corporeal, has melted into air.

There's something in the wind,—would they had staid—

Your children shall be kings, I think they said.

Ban. You're to be King.

Mac. Of Cawdor, too, the Thane.

Went it not so?

Ban. The tune and words were just the same.

Enter MACDUFF and ROSSE, R.

Macd. The King, Macbeth, has felt the blows

By which you gave the quietus to his foes.

Rosse. And we are sent to thank you as we ought,

And herald you, most noble sir, to court.

Macd. That he's in earnest, judge by this soft solder,—

He bade us greet you, sir, as Thane of Cawdor.

Mac. The Thane of Cawdor lives; and do you suppose

I'll let you dress me thus in his old clothes.

Macd. Who was the Thane is yet alive, but then

He is in jail and can't get out again.

Mac. Glamis and Thane of Cawdor!—the King is very kind—

But the best of this fine *tale* yet hangs behind.

(*To Banquo*.) Do you not hope your children will be kings?

Ban. The devil sometimes tells truth in trifling things,
To lure us 'till he nabs us in a toil.

Cousins, I would speak apart with you awhile.

[*They retire up.*]

Mac. Fancy is busy sketching in this distracted head,
The outlines, I do perceive, of murder in a bed.

If I know what to think, may I be shot,—

For nothing is, I vow, but what is not.

Ban. Look how our partner's wrapped him in his tartan plaid.

Mac. If chance will have me king, why chance, the saucy jade,

May crown me if it will, if there's no harm meant.

Ban. New honours come upon him, like a garment
Which hangs but loosely on the wearer's back,
And looks for all the world just like a sack.

[*Advances.*] Worthy Macbeth, upon your leisure, sir, we stay.

Mac. Give me your favour: my dull brain was bothered
With things old time had long since smothered.

Of your pains, kind sirs, I keep a strict account,
And reckon, daily, up the large amount.

Let us to the King, and may I beg [To Banquo.

That for the present, we do not stir a leg
In this strange business:—but when we meet again,
Speak our free hearts, like open-hearted gentlemen.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Landscape. Music and Flourish.*

*Enter KING, MALCOLM, DONALDBLAIN, and Court, preceded
by CHAMBERLAIN, L.*

King. Is execution done on Cawdor?

Mal. The Captain, sir, was 'headed by your order.
Before he died, my liege, he very frankly said,
In life's toss up he played, and lost his head.
As for death, my lord, he didn't seem to mind a sous about
it;

For hastening to be gone, he left his trunk, and went ahead
without it.

King. Pysiognomy's a humbug, for one cannot trace
The mind's construction in a tutored face.
This gentleman, until his treason bursted,
To any reasonable amount I would have trusted.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, and LENNOX, R.—Macbeth and Banquo kneel to King.

Ah, worthy coz, I'm glad to see you here, my tight 'un,
The weight of my ingratitude to lighten.

Had you less merit, I vow to goodness gracious
My means of recompense had been more spacious.
I must take the two-third act—or find some other way,—
For more is due to thee than I can ever pay.

[Raises and embraces Macbeth.

And Banquo, too, we'd place within our breast.

[Raises and embraces Banquo.

Ban. "There, in that bosom"—but you know the rest.

King. Listen, all! I would have it known throughout
the land,

That my son Malcolm, now, is Prince of Cumberland.

[Flourish. All bow.

From hence to Inverness, and make us more your debtor.

Mac. The which honor, I will inform my wife by letter.
On second thoughts, I'll bear myself the joyful news;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor, accept of our adieus.

Mac. *[Aside.]* Malcolm Prince of Cumberland! that is
a rise

Which I must o'erleap, for in my way it lies.

Stars, go out—see not my eye winking at my hand:

A wink will do for those who understand. *[Exit.*

King. Come, let us after him whose care has gone be-
fore;—

To be behind his welcome indeed would be a bore.

AIR.—KING. ("Some love to roam.")

Now let us roam, to see his home,

Oh, merrily forth we'll go;

So in time let's thump, and with hop and jump,

Let us cut away just so.

Ho! ho! ho! ho! &c.

[Excunt, R.

SCENE III.—A Chamber.

Enter LADY MACBETH, R., reading a letter.

Lady M. "They met me in the day of success, and I de-
clare,

*Ere I could speak, they vanished into air.
 Whilst I stood wrapt in wonder and my plaid,
 A message from the King arrived, which said
 To this effect :—he hailed me Thane of Cawdor ;
 Which at first appeared a little out of order,—
 But the Witches before had told me the same thing—
 And added, too—they soon will hail thee King.”*
 Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shall be
 What thou’rt promised, or I’ll raise a spree.
 Yet I do fear thy nature when I put thee to the test,
 So full of the milk of kindness is thy breast,
 And not the sky-blue stuff that’s brought from Goshen—
 But rich and thick ; a quart would lactify an ocean.

Enter SEYTON, L.

What news ?

Sey. The King to-night comes here.

Lady M. Art mad—or art thou drunk with beer ?
 Your boss is with him ; and he wouldn’t go to bring
 A stranger, without due notice—especially a King.

Sey. I don’t know how that is, marm ; but this I know—
 The Thane’s a coming ; a fellow just told me so,
 Who arrived in haste, with just enough breath in his body
 To tell his message out, and call for whiskey toddy.

Lady M. Give him tending—let him have his drink, of
 course,

He brings great news. [*Exit Seyton, L.*] The raven him-
 self is hoarse,—

And croaks out Duncan’s coming in a style
 That makes one wish for horehound candy all the while.
 Come, spirits—brandy, rum, or gin, unsex me here,
 Or fill me from crown to toe with potent beer.
 Come then to my *woman’s* breast, thou murderer’s crew,
 And when you’re bent on mischief, this much do :—
 Take my milk for gall, and throw it slap
 In the peering eyes of any curious chap,
 Who, looking through the thick blanket of the night,
 Might cry—hold ! hold ! with all his might.

Enter MACBETH, L.

Great Glamis, I am transported with your news—
 And almost see you now in Duncan’s shoes.

Mac. My dearest love, the King will lodge with us to-
 night.

Lady M. When goes he hence.

Mac. To-morrow, if report speak right.

Lady M. Never! Your face, my Thane, is a book
which does disclose

Strange sentiments, by its eyes and nose.

Look like the time, and take a glass,—

'Twill help to make the creeping sluggard pass.

Bear welcome in your hand—your tongue—your eye.

Mac. Let's in—we'll talk again of this, dear, bye and
bye. [*Excunt, R.*

SCENE IV.—*The Gate of the Castle.*

*Enter KING MALCOLM, DONALDBLAIN, BANQUO, and
COURT, L.*

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air is fit
for royal suction,

And recommends itself without a formal introduction

Ban. This guest of summer, the large blue-bottle fly,
most plainly shows

That they approve the smell of your most royal nose;

F'or on each jutting pimple a fine fat fellow's flown,—

And without a 'kerchief, sir, that goodly feature's blown.

*Enter four Ladies, c., and range two on each side, LADY
MACBETH, followed by SEYTON with a wand. Lady
Macbeth comes forward.*

King. See, see—our honoured hostess comes this way.

Mrs. Macbeth, where is the Thane of Cawdor, pray?

We would have been first with all our heart,

But our No Go did give him quite a start.

The Fergusons are full, and we are in a weary plight,—

So, Mrs. M., with your leave, we'll lodge with you to-night

Each member of our suite will take his post.

Your hand, fair lady; conduct me to mine host.

AIR.—KING.

For we love him—we love him—and who shall dare

To chide us for wishing to taste his fare;

I've thought of it long as a hungry prize,

I have wished for some meat, and longed for some pies.

[*Excunt marching, c.*

SCENE V. — *A Chamber in Macbeth's Castle.**Enter MACBETH, thoughtfully, R.*

Mac. If it were done when 'tis done, there's no doubt
 'Twere quite as well 'twere quickly set about.
 If the same knife which cuts poor Duncan's life support-
 ers

Could only cut the throats of common news reporters,
 And thus make dumb the press—it's prètty clear
 This cut would be the be-all, and the end-all here.
 But this even-handed justice is a sorry jade,
 And may commend to my own throat, the self-same blade.
 He's here in double trust, but then he's had long credit,—
 And yet I'm called upon to write more debit.
 But still I am his kinsman, and his subject too ;—
 In either case, the bloody work is hard to do.
 I think I'll hire a man to do the deed :
 I shouldn't murder when I ought to feed.
 And who can bear to be the common scoff,
 For "the deep damnation of his taking off?"
 I have no spur to prick me on—full well I know it—
 So, vaulting ambition, I say, prythee, go it !
 Don't overleap yourself, and then come tumbling down
 With dislocated neck, or broken crown.

Enter LADY MACBETH, R.

How now, Mrs. M., did he eat those oysters that you
 stewed ?

Lady M. He supped on nothing else :—your leaving us
 was rude.

Mac. I will not do this deed ; he has so honoured me
 of late,

And bought me golden pippins, which I ate. [*Walks, L*

Lady M. Coward ! You much desire to be a King,
 But tremble at the means which do the thing.

Mac. I dare do all that becomes a man ; so do not vex
 me,

If more you want, why, damn it, ma'am, unsex me.

Lady M. What a beast are you : when you told me first
 your plan,

I thought you quite an enterprising sort of man.

Ten children I have suckled, as you know,

And surely never mother loved her babbies so.
 Yet would I take each of the ten and slap—
 Place one by one across their mother's lap,
 And spank them till their backs were black and blue,
 Ere I'd back out from doing what I said I'd do.

Mac. Suppose we fail? the thought brings on a dizziness!

Lady M. We fail; and there will end our business.
 Put courage to the sticking-place, my master,
 And bind it tight with Badeau's poor man's plaster.
 When Duncan is in bed and soundly snoring,
 I will, with drink, his chamberlain be flooring.
 Their natures—being well soaked in potent liquors—
 Will to our purpose be no sort of stickers.
 What we will do to Duncan when alone,
 Is surely no one's business but our own.

Mac. If more children bless you, let them all be lads—
 Your mettle is unfit for *belles*, but just the thing for dads.
 I'm settled and bent up—the murder shall be done!
 Away! and mock the time with rarest fun. [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Chamber.*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, R., preceded by SERVANT with candle.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. Pretty well, sir;—how are you?

Ban. I'm sore oppressed, and know not what to do.
 I have a load upon me like a lump of lead,
 Which qualms my stomach, and affects my head.
 Who's there?

Enter MACBETH, preceded by SEYTON with candle.

Mac. A friend.

Ban. I thought you were abed, sir, long ago.

The King is most well pleased, he'd have you know.
 He gave the servants all a *crown* a-piece,
 And laughing, called them *Knights*, sir, of the *Fleece*!
 I have a present for your lady from the King;
 He begs to greet your wife, sir, through this ring.
 [*Puts ring on Macbeth's finger.*]

Mac. I'm unprepared to thank him as I ought.

[*Aside.*] I wonder where so fine a ring he bought.

Ban. All's well. I dreamed last night of those old nags
We met the other day collecting rags.

To you they've shown some truth in what they said.

Mac. I have thought not of them, more than of one
dead.

But some other time, if it be your pleasure,

We'll chat again of this affair at leisure.

Good night, now, worthy Banquo.

Ban. Good repose, Macbeth.

Mac.

I thank you.

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance, L.*]

Go, bid my wife prepare a cobbler—[*Seyton goes.*] Here,
not so fast—

And say I'd like to have this *cobbler* stronger than the *last*.

[*Exit Seyton, L.—As Macbeth turns to look off, L., a
large dagger appears, c., the handle towards him.*]

Is this a dagger I see fornenst my nose—

The handle towards me? I'll clutch it; and here goes.

[*Dagger jumps up quick.*]

I have thee not, and yet I swear I thought I had!

That dodge of thine, old dagger, was too bad.

Are my eyes grown dim, or do they need a wipe?

Or is that dagger but a false Daguerreotype.

I see thee yet, or my eyes do sadly play the fool,

As palpably as those I used to make at school.

[*Dagger works a little.*]

You beckon me your way; I'm sorry to refuse,

For just such an instrument I was to use.

I see thee still—and upon thy handle gout of blood,—

Which seems most strange upon a dagger made of wood.

Ah! but now I look more closely, I behold instead,

Only a dab of deep Venetian red. [*Dagger vanishes.*]

It's no such thing, that's plain enough,

And the paint upon the handle's bloody stuff.

Nature now to half the world has given up the ghost,

And each good watchman sleeps against his post.

Thou firm-set earth, hear not the creaking of my shoes.

And, oh, ye paving stones, tell not the news.

[*Bell strikes two.*]

I go—the bell strikes two, whilst I shall strike but one.

Feel not the blow, oh, Duncan, 'ere thy job be done.

[*As he is about to open the door, thunder is heard—he starts, recovers, and exits, R.*]

Enter LADY MACBETH, L.

Lady M. That which hath put the servants of the King
in clover,

Hath made me feel just right all over.

Hark! each noise does put one's courage to the proof.

Pshaw! it was but our cat upon the out-house roof.

I physicked well the drink the grooms did take.

Mac. [*Without.*] Who's there?

Lady M.

Alack! I'm afraid they

are awake.

Unless the deed be done, the attempt confound—

I put the daggers where they could be found.

If he has missed them, it is indeed too bad.

I had done it, but he looked so like my dad.

Re-enter MACBETH, R., *with two bloody daggers.*

Mac. I have done the deed—did you not hear a row?

Lady M. I heard the cat squall out just now.

Did you not speak?

Mac. When?

Lady M. —Now!

Mac.

My boot did creak.

Lady M. How?

Mac. There!

Lady M. Where?

Mac. Upon the stair.

Lady M. Hush!

Mac. Hark! the second floor does seem in
pain.

Who is it?

Lady M. Why, only young Donaldblain.

Mac. See, heres a pickle that I'm in, my wife.

Lady M. A foolish thought to cry out pickles, on my
life.

Mac. When I did strike, there one did loudly sob—
Another cried, "there goes one for his nob."

Both awaking—round about the room did peep,
Then laid them down again, and went to sleep.

Lady M. Two snore together beneath the same bed-clothes ?

Mac. One said, "no, you don't !" and put his finger to his nose.

The other—a large fat man and stout—

Cried, "pickles—does your mother know you're out ?"

Lady M. You think too much about a little blood that trickles.

Mac. But why the devil could not I cry pickles ?

F'or something of the kind I did require—

My tongue was parched—my throat was all on fire.

Lady M. You think too much about so small a thing, You've only made a new *dy-nasty* with the king.

Mac. He did *die-nasty*, and he *dyed* me nasty, too.—

Methought I heard a voice cry, "let's play loo !"

But first it said, "Macbeth, my handsome tulip,

We'll have a drink, and let it be a Julep.

Sore labour's bath, a balm for minds which have a flaw—

Come on, Macbeth, we'll suck it through a straw."

Lady M. What mean you, pray, you foolish idle talker ?

Mac. One said, he'd drink no more: and one cried, "Walker !"

Lady M. Who wast, then, cried "Walker !" worthy Thane ?

You talk of stupid things with sickly brain.

Go, wash yourself—and it will do you good

To lose a little of that royal blood.

Why did you bring these daggers from the room ?

Take them, and bloody make the face of every groom.

Mac. I'll go no more ! [*Crosses, L.*] I'm full of horror crammed,

And if I look on't again, may I be damned.

Lady M. Give me the daggers: I do not dread to see—

Living or dead, they are all the same to me.

I'll gild their faces o'er with strongest *gilt*,

And stick it fastly on, with blood that's spilt.

[*Exit, R.—Knocking heard without.*]

Mac. How is it with me ? what the plague can be the matter,

When thus I tremble at every little clatter ?

I *shake* at every noise the merest trifle makes,

And yet, I swear, I feel like no great *shakes*.

Look at these awful paws, so dyed in blood;
Can Neptune wash them clean? I wish he could.
But that's a thing I fear can never be,
For he has got already one red sea.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH, R.

Lady M. My heart is not so white; my hands as yours
are red. [Knocking.]

I hear a knocking in the yard—come, husband, let's to bed. [Knock.]

Why stand you shilly shally, there, as if you didn't know
Which way to stir your stumps—whether to stay or go.
Take now the cobbler that I made, (if you've not already
drank it,)

Put on your night-cap, and then clap your head beneath
the blanket. [Knock.]

Mac. To know the deed that I have done indeed is very
shocking,—

Duncan, why the devil can't *you* wake with this con-
founded knocking. [Exeunt, L.]

*Enter SEYTON, L. S. E.—opens C. D., and enter MACDUFF and
ROSSE.*

Macd. You went quite late to bed, by the way you've
snoozed this morning.

Sey. Faith, sir, indeed we did carouse till day was almost
dawning.

Macd. Is your royal master stirring yet?—to wake him
I am loth.

Sey. He comes.

Re-enter MACBETH, in a gown and nightcap.

Rosse. Good morrow, sir.

Mac. Good morrow, both,

Macd. Is the king awake?

Mac. Not yet; most soundly he
has slept.

Macd. He bade me call him, but the hour has slipped.

Mac. I'll call him.

Macd. I will not trouble you, worthy Thane.

Mac. The trouble that we love, like Brandreth's pills,
does physic pain.

[*Crosses, L.*] There is the door. [*Exit Macduff, R.*
Rosse. Goes the king hence to-day ?

Mac. 'Twas so, I think, I heard his servant say.

Rosse. Last night was the squalliest one I ever knew—
 The wind must have been drunk, it was so *blew*.

It reeled along the streets, so no one safe could pass ;

And every window that it broke did take another glass.

Loud screams arose in every quarter of the town,

And chimney pots from every house came madly tumbling
 down.

Some say that direful, dread events, will quickly come to
 pass ;

And that father Miller, after all, is not an A. double S.

That the earth was feverish, and shook : if, then, 'tis not a
 fixture,

Why could it not be quickly cured by Rowand's Tonic
 mixture ?

Macd. [*Without.*] Oh, Horror ! Horror ! Horror ! Hor-
 ror ! Horror ! Horror ! Horror ! Horror ! Horror !

Re-enter MACDUFF, R.

Oh, that I had a thousand tongues to tell

What is not possible for one to do as well !

Mac. & Rosse. Why, what's the matter ? what on earth's
 the row ?

Macd. Murder's the matter—robbery's the row !

Some sacrilegious chap,—I scarce can tell the rest—

Hath broken ope the King, our master's chest,

And stole his life !—'twas all he had—oh, horrid theft !

And nothing but his bloody trunk is left.

Mac. What is't, say you ? is it his life they've stole ?

Macd. Approach yourself, and see the ghastly hole
 Through which they let the daylight on his soul.

[*Exit Rosse and Macbeth, R.*

Wake up the town—let every bell ring loud,

And gather round the door an anxious crowd. [*Bell rings.*

Enter MALCOLM, BANQUO, and all the Court, R. and L.

Mal. What's the fix ?

Macd. You are, my boy, and do not know it !
 Your royal dad is dead.

Mal. Who did it ? blow it !

Re-enter MACBETH and ROSSE, R.

Mac. If I had only died six hours ago,
The chances are, I had not felt this blow.

Mal. I want to know, who dared our royal blood to
shed ?

Rosse. They, as we think, who slept in the next bed.
They were all covered, sir, with blood from head to feet,
And one had wiped his crooked nose upon the royal sheet.
When they awoke they looked distracted, wild ;
But they couldn't any how deceive this child.

Mac. I'm sorry I took the lives of both those chaps
away.

Macd. Ah ! wherefore did you do it—Macbeth, say ?

Mac. At once, can I be wise and furious ?—the devil's
in it,

If a man can be all these, sir, in the same minute.
There lay king Duncan ; the sight my blood did put up,
For never before saw I a King so badly cut up.
His gashes looked like,—as most of us have seen
In pork,—a streak of fat, and then a streak of lean.
Which formed the varied gateways to a place
Where ruin went to hide his hideous face.
There lay his butchers—calm as a summer's night ;
With love like mine, who could have borne the sight.

Ban. I have my scruples—but for the present, mum.

Macd. So I.

All.

So all.

Ban. We'll meet in the hall, and con this deed lamented,
To know it further—

All.

We are well contented.

CHORUS.—“ Scots wha hae.”

The King's been murdered in his bed
There's sundry gashes on his head,
Who did the deed has not been said,
So we'll be mum awhile.

But let's against all treason fight,
The body is a horrid sight ;
So we will meet again to-night
And talk the matter o'er.

[*Exeunt, c.*

A C T I I .

SCENE I.—*Banquet Scene.*

MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, &c., *discovered, all standing.*—*Flourish.*

Mac. You're welcome, friends, so feel at ease.
Sit down ; you know your own degrees. [*They sit.*
Our wife's a little stiff at this first meeting,
But by and bye you'll get her hearty greeting.

Lady M. Nay, greet you them for me ; for I here vow,
That they are very welcome any how. [*All bow.*

Mac. Their hearts are loud in thanks, if you could hear
em ;
But here I'll sit, in order to be near 'em.
Be merry all :—fill for a toast ; see, friends, it goes
The table round—

Enter MURDERER, L.

There's blood upon your nose.

Mur. Then blow it ; it is Banquo's.

Mac. Ah, I much do fear—

Mur. There is no ground ; his throat is cut from ear to
ear.

Mac. You cut his *jugular* ?—that were a clever *trick* !
You did the same for Fleance ?

Mur. Sir, he's cut his stick.

Mac. Then comes my fit again !—But Banquo—he is
dead ?

Mur. He is, my lord, as any herring that is red.

Mac. Fleance' escape has filled my cup with sorrow.
But more of this anon ; go, call again to-morrow.

[*Exit Murderer, L.*

Lady M. Come, my good lord, and pick a bit of meat ;
For it is meet, among your guests, that you do take a seat.

Mac. Sweet wife, those Sherman's Lozenges you made
me swallow,

Hath made our appetite beat our digestion hollow.

[*Banquo rises and sits in a chair, with his back to Mac-
beth—he is smoking a cigar.*

We should enjoy our meal, if Banquo were but here ;
Pis absence we begin to think a little queer.

Rosse. Never mind, my lord, it cannot make us dull;
Will you pray take a seat?

Mac. The table's full.

Rosse. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Mac. Where?

[*Banquo turns round.*]

Rosse. Here, my lord. What is it makes you stare?

Mac. Who did this?

Rosse. What, my lord?

Mac. Crikey! can't

you see? [*Banquo, smoking, shakes his head.*]

I didn't do it, so you needn't shake your locks at me.

It was not I who stole the jewel from your trunk.

Rosse. Friends, rise; I do suspect his Highness is a little drunk. [*All offer to rise.*]

Lady M. Keep your seats, my friends; my lord is often thus—

He's only in a sort of fit, so do not make a muss.

[*Comes forward.*] If you stare on him in this idle fashion,
You'll put him surely in a roaring passion.

[*To Macbeth.*] Come, quit this nonsense, sir—are you a man?

Mac. I don't exactly know, but still I think I am,
When I can dare to look upon that stool,
And see old Banquo smoking there so cool.

Lady M. Stuff! a painting in the air; like a dagger
which you said,

Beckoned and led you straight to Duncan's bed.

Tell the marines such tales, and you'll deceive 'em.

'Twont do to tell the Tars—the sailors won't believe 'em.

[*Banquo rises and winks his eye.*]

Mac. Look! Ha! he winks his eye! I say I didn't do
the theft. [*Banquo points over the left shoulder.*]

He backward points his thumb—which means, "Over
the left." [*Banquo nods.*]

If thou canst nod, why, damn it, can't you speak?

And if not with your mother tongue, why, let's have Greek.

[*Banquo is going off, L., backwards.*]

If ghosts will come to play about at nights,

Why, let 'em have a good supply of Taws and Kites.

[*Exit Banquo, L.*]

Lady M. What, daft entirely!

Mac.

As I stand here, I've

Banquo seen.

Lady M. For shame !

[Goes up to throne.

Mac. Why, shame, indeed ; the time has been,
When the brains were out, a man would kick the bucket ;
But now the living do without 'em ; and, for a ducat
You can get the credit of more wit, than midnight oil
To student gives, however hard he toil :
And now ghosts rise again to see their brainless brothers,
And leave their graves, without the knowledge of their
mothers.

Lady M. Of rudeness, my lord, this is the very essence ;
Your royal guests do sadly need your presence.

Mac. Pardon me : the fit which made me absent, itself
is gone—

So with your worthy selves I'll now count one.

Give me some wine : your glasses fill—come, here's a
health to each :

Here's health to Banquo, also, to whom may all good
reach. [*Takes a large pitcher from table, and shows
a duplicate head of Banquo's under it.*

Avaunt ! the presence quit—hide behind some place,
And don't show here that damnably long face.

Thou look'st so greedy with your great big eyes,
As though you wished a speculation here in pies :

But it's no go, for all the pies are gone—

And so, my dear late friend, you can't get one.

Put out those goggle eyes—I want no overseers.

Lady M. Take you no notice of this second fit, good
peers.

Mac. What man dare, that I dare, e'en though it were
to tussle

With Shakspeare in a song, quite a la Russell.

To dance a Pas de Deux in public square,

With dancing dog, or rugged Russian bear.

Wrestle for a cent with some Herculean nigger—

Anything, but look upon that horrid figure.

[Puts pitcher over the head.

Hence, King of Trumps, and hie thee to thy grave.

[Raises pitcher, and the head is gone.

Why so ! thou'rt gone—I now will play the knave.

[Falls into a chair.

Lady M. Good night, my friends ;—all shortly will be well :

Stand not upon the order of your going, but start pell mell.

[*All exeunt, R. and L., but Macbeth & Lady Macbeth.*

Mac. Blood will have blood, and I must have some more.

What is the night ?

Lady M. Why, night will soon be o'er.

Mac. You say Macduff declined to come when you did send ?

Lady M. So much I heard from one he calls a friend.

Mac. If I do send, he'd better not refuse,—

No servant here my lenity shall abuse.

To-morrow to the witches I will go ;

The very worst I am resolved to know.

I'm over head in blood, and so I may

As well go on, as go the other way. [*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE II.—*Front of Wood.*

Enter HECATE, R., Three WITCHES, L.

1st Witch. Why, how now, Hecate ! how cross you look.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldames, since you took
The liberty with Macbeth, to talk of this affair,
Which belongs to me, the mistress of this air ?

But make amends, and serve me so no more.

Meet me in my castle i' the air ; the number's on the door.

I have the key, but don't let me keep you waiting ;

If I am not in time, squeeze through the grating.

[*Music.—Witches enter—they dance, &c., and sing the music of the original.*

SCENE III.—*Witches' Hut.*

Three WITCHES discovered.

1st Witch. Three new novels have the newsboys cried.

2d Witch. Thrice to read them have we tried.

3d Witch. The newsboys called them cheap—the news-
boys lied.

Round about the cauldron go,

And in the charmed ingredients throw.

Here's a slip of the bark from off the tree

General Morris went to see.

And a bit of the axe of the woodman bold,
 Made blunt at the edge with a tip of gold.
 Here's a stone from the Fountain in the Green,
 The oddest concern that ever was seen.
 And a drop from the nose of the statue of stone,
 That in the Alhamra this summer is shown.

All. Double, double, boil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and soup-pot bubble.

2d Witch. Tail of the Sea Serpent take,
 Keep it bubbling for the sake
 Of landlords, they who never fail,
 Yearly to rake up the *tale*.

A mermaid Feegee—all a hum—
 The big fat girl, and little Thumb.
 Ellsler's leg, and foot to boot,
 Will make young men to jump and hoot;
 For 'tis a charm of powerful trouble,
 Although it is all bubble, bubble!

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and soup-pot bubble.

1st Witch. Of modern poetry—sorry stuff—
 A couple of lines will be enough.
 A lawyer's conscience put in, too,
 'Twill make a most infernal stew.
 Bit of soaplock lost in a lark,
 Near the Fountain in the Park.
 When the whole boils up and thickens,
 Throw in the last great work of Dickens.

[*They make a great noise.*]

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and soup-pot bubble.

1st Witch. Cool it with a whole hog's blood,
 Then the soup is thick and good.
 By the pricking of my thumbs,
 Something wicked this way comes.

Enter MACBETH, L. U. E.

Mac. How now, ye black, but living heaps of rags—
 What are ye at?

All. John Smith—a man without a name.

Mac. Ah! and yet John Smith has got a sort of fame.

But no more of this.—I must your patience tax.

I want to know—

1st Witch. Speak!

2d Witch. Demand!

3d Witch. We'll answer what you
ax.

1st Witch. From ourselves, or master, would you hear?

Mac. Whichever you please, my little dear.

1st Witch. Throw in the leg of a hog which died in the
street,

With a little molasses to sweeten the meat.

All. Come high—come low—come far—come near—
Spirit of New England—appear! appear!

[*A Yankee Clock-Peddler rises.*

App. Macbeth, I reckon you ain't exactly up to snuff:

Do you just keep your eye on old Macduff;

And old Fife, too—they'll shave you if they can.

But I must go a-head, for you see, my man,

My steam is up now good and strong,

My biler'll bust if I stay here too long. [*Sinks.*

Mac. Do tell! I want to know! More questions let
me pop 'em.

1st Witch. He's gone, and all creation cannot stop him.

[*Munday, the Prophet, rises.*

But here is one—a prophet great, who knows what's past.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! don't look so
much aghast.

Mac. Had I three ears, three years I would be mute.

App. Be bloody, bold Macbeth, and boldly resolute.

Laugh thou the petty power of man to scorn,

For none can hurt thee who's of woman born.

The world is topsy turvy—and now, alas!

1st Witch. Sic—

2d Witch. Transit—

3d Witch. Gloria—

App.

Munday!

All.

Pass!

[*Apparition sinks.*

Mac. Then live, Macduff;—I do not care, I swear,

Since I can boldly tell pale-hearted fear,

It lies not in it to make me knock under,—

[*Cheep John rises.*

For I will sleep in spite of thunder.
But who is this, so like Cheap John in Chatham Square
Who sells in four cent lots his curious ware?

Upon his head he wears a shabby sort of covering,
For one who has a crown, and daily makes a *sovereign*!

1st Witch. Listen, but do not speak; do you see?

App. Be stubborn, proud, and who may fret, ne'er mind
at all;

Until great Birnam's wood comes boughing to your hall.
Macbeth's invincible! Only four cents! [*Sinks.*

Mac. Well, that can
never be,

For who the plague e'er saw a walking tree.
Tell me,—if that your art can show so much—
Shall Banquo's issue Scotland's sceptre clutch?

All. Begone, Macbeth, and seek to know no more.

Mac. I will be satisfied—this interruption is a bore.
Farther I fain would know of my queer lot. [*Cauldron*
Why sinks the cauldron—is it gone to pot? *sinks.*

1st Witch. Show!

2d Witch. Show!

3d Witch. Show!

All. Blow his eyes! let's grieve his heart—
So, dark shadows, do your part.

[*Set piece sinks, and discovers large hogshead with transparent bunghole. Figure crosses behind.*

Mac. That looks like Banquo's spirit past that bunghole
walking:

The sight does blear my eyes;—[*Second Figure crosses.*]
another yet comes stalking. [*Third figure crosses.*

A third!—Vile hags, I do entreat you, tap no more—
Such a waste of spirits I ne'er saw before.

[*Fourth figure crosses.*

A fourth! why, then, by Jove, I'll start and *rin*.

[*Fifth figure crosses.*

And yet a fifth! why, will they ne'er be done?

[*Sixth figure crosses, with glass.*

Another, too, who bears a glass! I'm thinking
He's quite a jolly ghost, and has been drinking.

[*Witches and transparency vanish.*

Why is this so?—Where are they gone?—I'm diddled
quite;

This cursed hour has seemed a long dark night.
Come in, without there.

Enter SEYTON, L. U. E.

Sey. Pray, what wants your grace?

Mac. Saw you the sisters as they left this place?

Sey. I neither saw, nor heard, nor smelt them.

Mac. Came they not by you?

Sey. I ne'er felt them.

Mac. Did I not hear a horse but just now pass?

Sey. It was an express rider on an ass,
To bring you word Macduff was gone
To England.

Mac. Time, time, thou cheat of human bliss,
At least I am obliged to you for this.
I'll seize the Castle of Macduff, then take his Wife,
And play a dying tune to his dear babes and wife.
No boasting like a fool—I'll do the deed, I say.
Show me the gentleman on the ass, I pray.

[Exeunt, L. U. E.]

SCENE IV.—A Wood.

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF, R

Mal. The woodman hath spared this tree in spite of
trade—

So let us take advantage of its grateful shade,
To tell our troubles o'er.

Macd. Don't let us waste in words
The time when we should use our trusty swords.
Oh, Scotia, my native land, you're in a fix,
And daily subject to a tyrant's kicks.
The widow's howling makes a dreadful noise—
And all the towns are full of workhouse boys.

Mal. Suppose, Macduff, that vile Macbeth were slain,
I do not see what 'vantage you would gain;
For I should play the tyrant worse than he.
So tell me—would you choose a king like me?

Macd. No: for I knew your father well—but how un-
like his son!
Your mother, too,—she ranked, indeed, as an A No. 1.

Her pickles were the very best I ever eat,
And tasted very nice with cold roast meat.

Mal. Stay, Macduff, stay: this passion for my sainted
mother's pickles,
Causes this tear which down my cheek now trickles.
I love your spirit;—and I only spoke in fun;
I do assure you, then, I *am* my father's son.
But who's this man who walks along so stately?

Macd. My cousin Rosse it is, or my eye deceives me
greatly.

Enter Rosse, L.

Stands Scotland where it did a week ago?

Rosse. Not quite; 'tis greatly moved by the vile ty-
rant's blow;

The face of the whole country is pitted o'er with care,
And the *wail* that it has on it, is the *wail* of dark despair.

Macd. What is the newest grief of which they now com-
plain?

Rosse. Why, that with griefs they're overflowed in the
present reign.

Macd. How is my wife, my little children dear?

Rosse. Well. [*Aside.*] The truth I cannot tell, for fear.
[*Aloud.*] But you should be in Scotland, and there maintain
her laws.

Your very presence, sir, would breed brave soldiers in her
cause.

Macd. Make our respects, and say we'll quickly come
With fifty men to sound of fife and drum.

Rosse. I've news to tell, but know not how to bring it
out.

Macd. Don't be a niggard of your speech, but spit it out.
Come, sir, your silence is beyond endurance.

Rosse. Your castle is burnt down.

Macd. [*Falls on Malcolm's shoulder.*] And I had no in-
surance!

Rosse. Your wife—

Macd. Another! I hope she's doing well?

Rosse. A-lass!

Macd. I was in hopes it was a boy—but let that pass.

Rosse. Sir, you have neither wife, nor son, nor daugh-
ter;

They all were killed in one inhuman slaughter.

Macd. My children—all, I think it was you said?

Rosse. Just so.

Macd. My wife, I think you said, was dead?
[*Rosse nods.*

Exactly. They didn't spare my stables, barns, nor pens? Then all my ducks are dead—and slain are all my hens—My little chickens that I used to feed each morn and night, Are all gone, too. Well, well, it almost serves me right. I should have fricasseed them all before I left; But I'll have vengeance for this double theft.

Mal. That's right—dispute it like a man, Macduff.

Macd. I will;—but still I feel my losses bad enough.

Mal. Be vengeance sharp the whetstone of your sword—'Twill make it sharp enough, upon my word.

Macd. Oh, I could play the woman with my eyes, And also with my tongue—in that the mischief lies. But heaven cut short such weak desires, And fill my soul with vengeful fires; Let not Macbeth escape my anger just, If he blows longer, I shall surely bust. [Exit, R.

SCENE V.—A Room in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter PHYSICIAN and GENTLEWOMAN.

Doc. Two nights I've watched, and find no truth in your report;

I'm afraid your story's but th' invention of your sport.

Gent. No! since the King in person has his warriors led,

I've seen her several times jump out of bed.

Doc. Tell me what she has said, when this you have seen?

Gent. Do you then think I'll blab? I am not quite so green.

Enter LADY MACBETH, L., with a pail in one hand, and a scrubbing-brush in the other.

Look! here she comes; and, as I live, asleep.

Doc. How came she with the light she carries in her hand?

Gent. Oh, she's a box of loco focos always on her stand.

Doc. Look! on her arm she has a pail, and in her hand a brush.

[*Lady Macbeth kneels and gazes at stain upon the floor*
And look—she kneels upon the floor!

Gent. Oh, Doctor, hush!

Lady M. Out, daméd spot! I'll try to scrub it all away: [Scrubs.]

I would I had a lump of potter's clay.

One! [*Clock strikes one.*] Then 'tis time!—A soldier, and afraid of slaughter?

Out, out, I say!—but how, without some water?

I'll to the pump, and fill this little pail.

[*Goes to Doctor, hangs pail on one of his arms, and pumps the other.*

Thank you. [*Curtseys.*] What need we fear? who knows our tale? [Scrubs.]

Who would have thought,—but that it's here so plain,—
The old man's blood would leave so large a stain.

Doc. Go to! I've heard much more than I thought to.

Gent. And she has said much more than she ought to.

Lady M. Here's still the stain, upon the self-same spot,
In spite of all the scrubblings that it's got.

The smell's not pleasant, either, that I vow,

And I've no Arabian perfume with me now. [Sighs.]

Doc. Oh, what a sigh is there! her heart is sorely charged.

Gent. Perhaps, then, Doctor, it is much enlarged.
Such a one would not I possess for half a crown.

Lady M. Wash well your hands, my lord, put on your dressing-gown.

Look not so pale—Banquo in his grave lies buried,
And thence he won't come out again—unless he's greatly hurried.

Doc. True.

AIR.—LADY MACBETH.—“Merry Swiss Boy.

Go to bed, go to bed, Macbeth, say I,

Take my pail and the water away.

For now, I vow, at the gate there's a row,

So go off to bed right away.

[*Exeunt, Lady Macbeth, R., the rest, L.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, with a newspaper, followed by two Officers, R.

Mac. Make me no more reports ; will they have never done ?

The Thanes may go to blazes—ay, every mother's son.
Of fear I need not bear the taint or stain,
Till Birnam's wood comes here to Dunsinane.
What's the boy Malcolm more than any other ?
He was of woman born, because he had a mother.

Enter OFFICER, R.

The devil damn thee black, thou pale-faced figure,
Who put that chalk upon your face ?

Offi.

There's fifty—

Mac.

Geese,

nigger ?

Offi. Soldiers, sir.

Mac.

Go, wash your face, then paint it red,
Thou lily-livered boy !—Soldiers wast't you said ?
What soldiers, whey-face ? tell it, if 'twill ease you.

Offi. They are Macduff's black guards, sir, if it please you.

Mac. Go, cut your stick ! [*Exit Officer.*] Seyton !—at heart I'm sick,

When I behold—Seyton, I say, be quick !

Enter SEYTON, R.

Sey. What is your pleasure, gracious sir ?

Mac.

What news more ?

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, you heard before.

Mac. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh is hacked,

Although it's hard to fight when barely backed.

[*To Seyton.*] Brush ! send men out to scour the country round,

And hang upon a tree each craven hound.

Well, let them come—I'm not afraid of death and bane,

Till Birnam brings his trunks to Dunsinane.

Take in that shirt that's drying on the outer walls,

The cry is *steal*—so now look out for squalls.

There let them lie, till famine eat them up,
And worms upon them breakfast, dine, and sup.

[Screams heard.]

What noise is that I hear so shrieking loud.

Sey. It is the cry of women in the crowd. [Exit, L.]

Mac. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
The time was, when a night shriek in my ears,
My courage would have run quite down to zero.
And a novel, too, which had a dismal hero,
Would rouse, and make my curly hair incline
To stand, like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
But I have supped of oysters, and 'tis their nature
To make a murder a most familiar creature.
Their death don't start me.

Re-enter SEYTON, L.

Wherefore was that cry ?

Sey. The Queen, my lord, is dead, and I—

Mac. She should have died hereafter, but she'll keep ;
And perhaps to-morrow I shall have time to weep.
To-morrow—and to-morrow—and to-morrow—
Aye, that's well thought of—I've a note to pay,
And the last recorded dollar to me lent,
Was yesterday in whiskey-punches spent !
Out, out, short candle ! for burn brightly as you may,
You cannot burn much *longer*, any way.
Life's but a walking shadow—or a poor player at most—
Who murders Hamlet once, and then is cast the ghost.

Enter OFFICER, with bill, R.

Mac. How now ? thy message—let not thy tongue
stand still.

Offi. As I stood looking at my watch upon the hill,
A cartman bade me give you this little bill,
For a load that he brought you of Birnam's wood.

Mac. Liar ! slave !

Offi. [Kneels.] I could not have misunderstood ;
And if it be not so, why, take my head and thump it—
I'll swear I saw him at your door but just now dump it.

Mac. If that thou liest and deceivest me,
I'll have thee hung alive upon a tree,
A thing for rooks and daws to pick at,

And men and women to turn sick at. [*Exit Officer, R.*
 I begin to feel a little odd about my brain—
 "Fear not till Birnam's wood shall come to Dunsinane!"
 The fiends said that, and then they all were dumb—
 And now, behold, a load of wood is come. [*All draw.*
 Ring the alarm bell—let fall our blows upon them thwack,
 At least we'll make a *stir up*, though we be driven back.
 [*Exeunt, R. Flourish.*

SCENE VII.—*The Battlements. Alarum.*

Enter MACDUFF, R. U. E.

Macd. This way the noise is. Tyrant, show your phiz;
 If any man has slain thee, 'twere no affair of his.
 My wife's and childrens' ghosts will haunt me still,
 If I am not the boy this murderer to kill.
 He should be hereabouts, by all this clatter;
 Let me but meet him, fortune, then—no matter. [*Exit, L.*

Enter MACBETH, L. U. E.

Mac. Why should I play the Roman fool, when I am
 cast a king—
 This dying on my sword is not a pleasant thing.

Re-enter MACDUFF, L. U. E.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn, and have a shy at me!

Mac. You are the last man that I wished to see.
 I've too much blood of thine upon my hands.

Macd. I have no words to waste, so you be hanged.

[*They fight—flourish.*

Mac. Put up your sword—from me you'll draw no claret;

Your labour, Duff, is vain, so prithee spare it.

I wear a charmed life, and no mistake;

No man that's born of woman can that jewel take.

Macd. Despair—let not that charm your reason smother,
 For know, Macbeth, I never had a mother.

Mac. Then damme if I fight.

Macd. Then live, thou craven coward, to be a sight
 For little boys and girls to point and jeer at—

And the noisy rabble in the street to sneer at.

Like balloon at oyster cellar, we'll stick you on a pole,

And underneath I'll have this writ, upon my soul :
 " Upon this pole behold a used-up man,
 In every style, on the Canal street plan ! "

Mac. I will not yield to be a common sign—
 Upon my *stew* young Malcolm ne'er shall dine.
 He ne'er shall gaze or gloat upon my roasting.
 Nor will I be so raw as to stand his boasting.
 Although a load of wood was emptied at my door—
 And the man I fight no kindly woman bore—
 Yet would I face him if he were a score.
 Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he who cries,

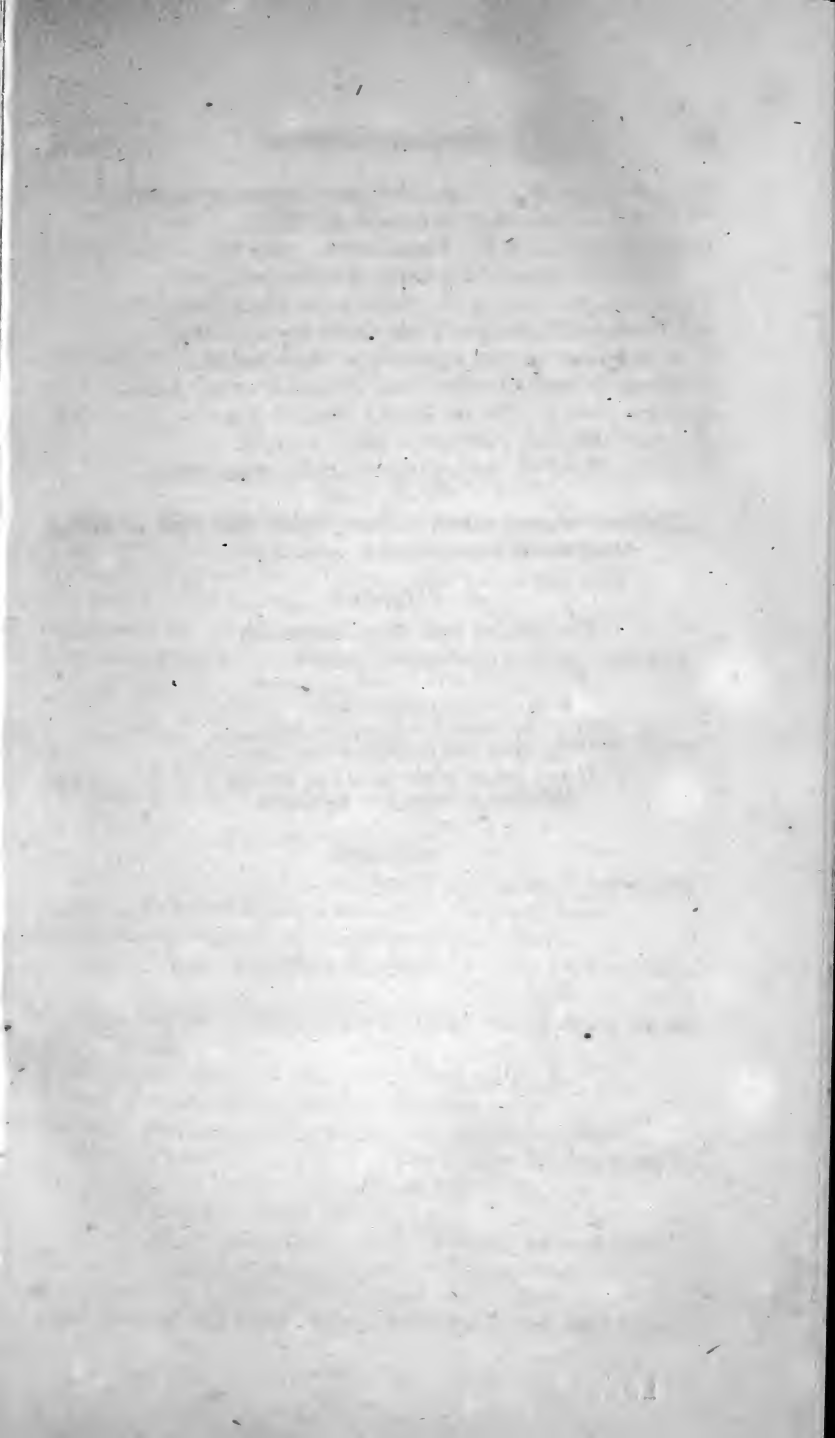
NUFF CED.

[*Flourish and shout.—They fight—Macbeth is killed.*
Omnes enter and kneel to Macduff.

FINALE.

There is no luck about the house,
 Although Macbeth is slain ;
 We've only now to ask you how
 You like his dying strain.
 'Tis our delight, night after night,
 To give you cause for laughter—
 If our tragic muse does you amuse,
 We'll give you more hereafter.

THE END.



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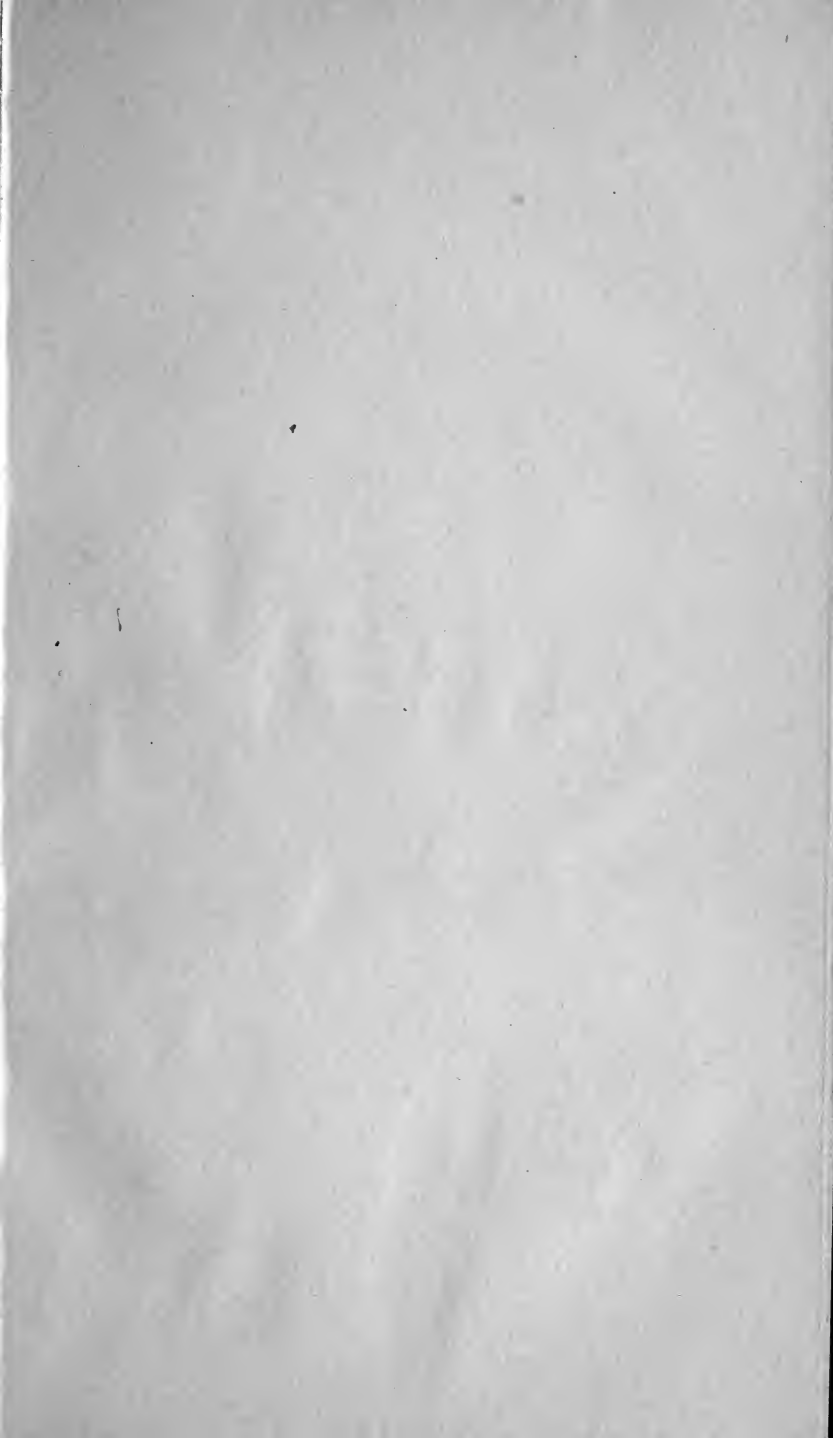
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